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J T. Bigham

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JACKSON.

Following is Howard A. Banks' report of Dr. Dabney's lecture on Stonewall Jackson, delivered at Davidson College Oct. 22. We omit some introductory remarks.

Rising to greet his applauding auditors, and then again seating himself, Dr. Dabney began by stating that he had been Jackson's chief of staff during two campaigns. In speaking of Jackson, he said, he had been forestalled by others, who had written of the great general. He himself had written an octavo volume on the life of this genius of the civil war. The graceful and elegant pen of the wife of Gen. Jackson, whose home was only 20 miles distant, had portrayed the interior of his character. Having in mind the amaranthine garland with which her love had crowned the great warrior's memory, the speaker remarked that he himself felt like the wise man of old who said, "What can I do, who cometh after the Queen?"

He would only narrate, he said, a train of unconnected incidents portraying Jackson, the man, his audience would excuse the "I," in his discourse, which he might not be able entirely to eliminate, but he asked them to bear in mind that he only used it as the sworn witness whose earnest attempt was to speak the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

A PRESBYTERIAN PARSON FOR CHIEF OF STAFF.

The lecturer said that March, 1861, found him at his home sick of the camp fever, contracted while performing the duties of chaplain in the Confederacy. To his utter surprise, he—a minister of the Gospel, entirely ignorant of military affairs—received a very brief letter from Gen. Jackson, asking him to serve as chief of the general's staff, and closing by saying that the duties of such an officer were principally "diligence, impartiality and early rising."

Seeking an interview with Jackson after his recovery, Dr. Dabney found him in the Shenandoah Valley. Pleading as an excuse his poor health, the Christian soldier said to him:

"If God intends you to perform this service He will give you health. I will equip you with arms, uniform and mount."

"But I know nothing of military affairs."

"You can learn," briefly and with sledge-hammer accent on the word "learn."

"Then, handing him a manual of tactics, the general said: 'You may have the remainder of today and two more days to inform yourself. I will then announce you as my chief of staff.'"

It appeared to be quite a matter of banter in the army that Jackson had chosen an "iron-clad Presbyterian parson" for his chief of staff. While the lecturer did not intimate as much, anyone in the audience, who read, as it were, between the lines of his address, must have seen that there sprang up between chieftain and chaplain a silent, subtle understanding of each other, which could hardly have existed between the great Christian fighter and a military man depending for help more upon arms than upon the Almighty. It often enabled Major Dabney to anticipate the wishing and needs of General Jackson.

Major Dabney asked Gen. Jackson what a staff officer ought to do under fire. The reply was: "Protect himself." Should he avail himself of the protection of a tree when brave men were under fire around him? "Yes sir. Endanger your adversary as much as you can, and protect yourself all you can." When asked if he himself practiced the doctrine he was preaching the General smiled and changed the subject.

JACKSON'S BATTLE FACE.

A vivid word picture by the lecturer, who is a master of English, portrayed Jackson in the moment of victory. It was when he was pursuing the enemy who had taken refuge in Winchester. The battle was on, Jackson dispatched Major Dabney to Taylor's Louisiana brigade, held as reserve, to engage the enemy on the left. The chief of staff left on his errand. When the Louisianians had reached the point at which they were to go into the charge Jackson suddenly appeared. Major Dabney said he did not know what the general's sudden appearance meant, but entertained a faint suspicion that Jackson had some fears as to whether his new chief of staff would have the men in the right place at the right time. "I had them there, though," he said, and there was a triumphant ring in his voice over the very recollection. "I felt," continued the lecturer, in substance, "that I knew what Jackson's design was. He meant for the Louisiana men to overlap, on the extreme left, the enemy's extreme right. My conclusion proved to be correct. The brigade went into the charge. Jackson rode to the top of a small hill, planted in clover just bursting into blossoms. I followed close at his elbow. He rode near the top of the hill and looked over toward the left of the line. Instinctively he plunged his spurs into his horse's flanks and dashed to the top of the hill."

"Taylor's superb Louisianians had fired one volley, and in unbroken line, were charging bayonets, driving the enemy!"

"Jackson was in a state of towering exultation and intense excitement. His face was set and pale. It was not flushed. There was on it the pallor of death and the grimness of death—but his expression was one of deathly determination. It was the crisis of the battle and the dawn of the victory. The splendid charge of the Louisiana men had decided the day."

"Everybody forward after the enemy," shouted Jackson, and he galloped to the front, leading in the charge as the enemy fled through the streets of Winchester.

"Only once afterward did I ever see this expression of deathly determination on the face of Gen. Jackson," continued Major Dabney. Strange as it seems, however, he stated that a famous French artist (whose name eludes the pencil point) has caught this expression in a portrait of Jackson now in Richmond. The artist never saw the general alive, but for half an hour he studied the face of the dead, as the remains lay in state at Richmond, after Chancellorsville. Dr. Dabney thought his success was in seeing the face in death—that face that took on the deathly look in the tide of battle. Mrs. Jackson, when she first saw the portrait, was apparently disappointed, and half shrinking, but courteous, she said: "I never saw that look on my husband's face." "Of course not," said the speaker, "She never saw him in battle."

A GREAT SOLDIER AND PROPHET.

Jackson, one May Sabbath, rode off to hear his chief of staff preach to a brigade which had no chaplain. As they rode along, Major Dabney respectfully and circumspectly questioned General Jackson as to his ideas of the administration of the Confederate Government. "I have heard, general," he said, "that you have rigid views regarding the cartel for the exchange of prisoners."

The reply was substantially this: "We are not conducting our warfare as a country with inferior numbers fighting for its liberties should do. Our struggle is not one for territory or national renown. It is a struggle for social existence. We should take no prisoners, and no prisoners should be taken from us."

My opposition to the cartel for the exchange of prisoners is based on humane grounds. Let the Yankee soldiers understand that they have taken their lives in their hands. Let our men have a similar understanding. Some will be butchered. The fighting will be bloodier but the quicker ended."

"Then," said Dr. Dabney, "Gen. Jackson proved himself to be a prophet. He said: 'Lincoln has said that this will not be a war for the abolition of the slaves, but it will be. Our liberated slaves will be armed to fight us. The Yankees will even demand that they be considered as prisoners of war, entitled to the rights of such prisoners.' The general then said that while he opposed the cartel, he respected it as it existed, and would see that his own prisoners were humanely treated."

Riding on, the chief of staff pointed out where he feared were certain mistakes on the part of the Confederacy, when the general, turning suddenly upon him, cried out: Major Dabney, please stop. You make me low spirited."

After the short silence which followed, General Jackson said, in a subdued way: "You know, Major Dabney, that no man has tenderer home ties or more to live for than I. Yet I can truthfully say that I do not wish to survive the independence of my country."

Continuing the lecturer remarked: "Some one has impressively said: 'I understand why Jackson died at Chancellorsville.' God took him away that his wish might be fulfilled."

A DEPLORABLE BLUNDER.

On one occasion Major Dabney asked General Jackson if he thought that after first Manassas the Confederate plan in waiting two weeks in the rain for the camp fever to come was correct. Turning upon his chief of staff almost fiercely, his eyes blazing, Jackson answered sharply: "No sir. It was a deplorable blunder. Did you know, sir, that 11,000 fresh troops came in that night and the next day?" And Dr. Dabney said he knew it, for he remembered the train loads of fresh troops, a mile in length, and every coach crowded with men.

THE BATTLE OF GAINES'S MILL.

Jackson, after his valley campaign, had sent Lee word that if he would send him reinforcements he would go to Washington, but Lee instead sent for him to come to the defence of Richmond, then threatened. The aged lecturer drew a graphic picture of Jackson at the battle of Gaines's Mill.

"The Yankees were commanded by Fitzjohn Porter. He was the best general they had, and he fought that battle with consummate skill, and yet they dishonored him, and it was only his old age that his honors was restored to him," said the speaker, with evident indignation over the treatment his brave opponent had undergone.

When the battle was joined Jackson noticed that his chief of staff was ill. He noticed the fact just after delivering a highly important message, which was that six reserve brigades should at once move to the front. Major Dabney was about to execute the order, when Jackson stopped him and another aide de camp galloped off to attend to the order. Jackson then sent Major Dabney off on a mission of less importance, which did not entail riding in the hot sun. Shortly after he rode away, Major Dabney had a slight attack of ague. Not finding the man Jackson had sent him to look for, he soon, however, noticed that the six reserve brigades were not moving forward. After a fierce mental struggle as to whether he should return to Jackson, or rush away to see if the general's order to the reserves had been correctly delivered, he decided upon the latter course.

THE MESSAGE TO THE SIX BRIGADES.

The six reserve brigades stretched along a distance of six miles. He found that Jackson's original and vital order to charge immediately had not been correctly understood by a single one of the six brigade commanders, the message not having been fully comprehended by the aide himself. Major Dabney hastened to every brigade, telling each of Jackson's order, which he (Major Dabney) had heard, though he himself was without authority from Jackson to deliver it. To the credit of every one of the commanders, they all agreed with the chief of staff that they should execute the command at once. One hesitated briefly in this hour of crisis, but only for a moment. "I shall never forget," said the speaker, "the splendid bearing upon this occasion of the brave General Winder, in command of the Stonewall Brigade."

"Major Dabney," he said, "what would you yourself do, under the circumstances, if you were now commanding my brigade?"

"Move forward in one minute," was the reply.

"You are right, major," and the word was passed along the line.

It was a fearful responsibility resting upon the chief of staff. It took two hours to ride down the line of the reserves, find the brigadiers, explain the situation, emphasizing Jackson's wishes, and finally get back to his commander-in-chief. When Major Dabney did find Jackson he wore his battle-face look. There was the deadly pallor and determination as at Winchester; the same rigidity of features, and the eyes were "flaming like sheet lightning." He was in the same state of intense excitement, but he was worried. He would dash his spurs into his horse, and rush forward to the front, as if to take personal command, and see for himself why victory was delayed. Then he would suddenly check his horse, and ride softly back to the staff officers and others around him. He was delivering his orders quickly, dispatching men hither and thither, and his voice, hoarse from shouting, was "a quick, sharp, intense, wolf-like bark."

Major Dabney informed the general of his failure to find the officer he had been sent for two hours before.

"It doesn't matter now," said the general quickly, though not unkindly.

At this juncture a man dressed like a private cavalryman, but with an ostrich feather in his hat rode up. Jackson leaped over and spoke to him. The reply of the man with the ostrich tipped hat was given in a cheerful voice, in spite of the raging battle: "No, no, general, too many cannon over there." Jackson assented to the answer with a quick nod of his head. The cavalryman was Jeb Stuart.

THE RESERVES IN LINE AT LAST.

Jackson then turned to another officer and said: "Pendleton this thing hangs in suspense too long. We must sweep the field with the bayonet. Pendleton rode on to carry out the order, but in a moment there broke upon the ear, from right, centre and left, coming up through the smoke of the battle, the long, loud, ringing of the rebel yell.

The six reserve brigades had at last reached the front, and were sweeping the field.

Looking for Stonewall Jackson shortly afterward, Major Dabney found him drooping in the saddle, completely exhausted, and he said in a voice, not now like the wolf-like bark of the battle, but almost as the tones of an old man: "Major Dabney, I am greatly fatigued. Could you get me some food and a place to rest?"

"SOLDIERS INDEED!"

Riding over the battle field with his staff the next day, where one-

third of his men were killed or disabled, and as they were burying the dead, Jackson quietly and reverently spoke. He said: "These men were soldiers indeed!"

Very shortly afterwards Major Dabney was taken ill. Jackson had never asked him the reason for his two hours' absence at Gaines's Mill when he had been sent off on a fifteen minutes' mission, and he had not spoken of it to his commander. Jackson gave him a two weeks leave of absence, but his sickness could not be conquered in that short time. He resigned, and never saw his loved commander again. "And," he added, "Jackson never knew how the battle of Gaines's Mill was won." (Applause.)

As Jackson bade his chief of staff good-bye, which was a long and last earthly farewell, the general turned to his faithful, wearied and stricken servant, not the face he had seen in battle, but one as full of love and kindness as a woman's.

More People—More Money.

The Piedmont country has a just equality the world over for its unequalled health conditions, its salubrious climate, freedom from visitations of all kinds of contagious diseases, and for its vast commercial, agricultural, mineral and manufacturing possibilities. Our immediate territory may be regarded as the Garden Spot of the Piedmont. Our climate is perfect, our soil is fertile, our timbered interests are large, our water power is boundless, and our crops never fail. There are other portions of the United States in the great northwest, for instance, where the soil is rich and the crops yield more lavishly, but then there are a hundred conditions other than merely fertile soil, which make the abnormally abundant yield about once in seven years. Severe blizzards in winter, parching droughts in summer, forest fires, and an endless succession of unfavorable circumstances which have caused the people living in these unfortunate sections to turn their faces southward in search of more favorable localities, where the all-year-round conditions are more bearable. Thousands of these northern and northwestern people are pouring into Georgia and Alabama, buying lands, building towns and very materially contributing to the development, progress, wealth and prosperity of the communities to which they go. Why do these settlers select Georgia and Alabama, in preference to any other section of the south? Is it because Georgia and Alabama possess very greatly superior advantages over other Southern States? No indeed! It is simply because the people of Georgia and Alabama have presented to the people of the north and west, and invited them to come and enjoy their blessings of genial climate and alluvial soil. That is the secret of the whole business, and this is just what we should begin to do.

The crying need of our country today is for more people. More people means more money. Money to develop our vast and boundless resources, agricultural, mineral, manufacturing, mining, lumber, waterpowers, etc., thus putting into circulation in our midst a fund of capital that would never otherwise come. When we see every square mile of our arable land settled with industrious, thrifty people, pushing every foot of the naturally fertile soil up to the highest pitch of cultivation, our water powers turning factories, and hear the hum of the saw mills in every forest, then will we know of a truth that prosperity is upon us, and that we are beginning to advance toward the proud position in the front ranks of the march of progress, which is the natural birth right of the State. No other section of the United States, North, East, South and West, has a

juster claim to the attention of the outside world than our own Garden Spot of the Piedmont. When we let the great host of honest homeseekers from the bleak and rigid north, know of our heaven favored region, with our many blessings and advantages, not only commercial, but moral and social, they will not fail to come, and after once coming we may rely upon their remaining with us. After making a most careful study of what other sections of the South and other lines of railway are doing in the direction of presenting to the outside world the advantages they have to offer and to induce desirable immigration, the Carolina & North-Western Railroad has decided to take up the same line of work. Its purpose will be to work for the upbuilding of the towns along its line, the section of the country through which it runs, and the establishment of any and all kinds of manufacturing industries, the development of water power, etc.

By a little concert of action and co-operation on the part of the good people of both town and country, a splendid work may be inaugurated, which, if properly pushed, will undoubtedly result in untold good.

Arrangements have been perfected to advertise our locality in a number of the leading agricultural journals in the North, East and North-west. A handsomely illustrated book, descriptive of our lands, crops and people, setting forth what we have to offer in an honest, candid and straight forward manner is being compiled, which will be mailed to thousands of well to do farmers in the above territory. During the winter numerous inquiries will be coming in and it is very important that an accurate list be had of all the desirable lands that are for sale, by whom and at what price. Mr. W. A. Fair has been put in charge of this work, with headquarters at Lenox, N. C., and it is his desire to get in touch with all the property owners along the line of road, and to organize a systematic method of putting the buyer in direct communication with the party who desires to sell. All who are in the least interested in this movement are requested to write Mr. Fair, who will take pleasure in giving them the full details of the plan and scope of the work mapped out.

A Ship's Load.

"Few persons looking at an ordinary steamship, loaded or unloaded, as it lies in a dock, have any conception of its enormous carrying capacity. The boat looks big, of course, but gives no idea of the tremendous amount of freight that can be stowed away in its capacious hold without overloading it. The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad loaded a steamship the other day, and this is what it took to fill her: 'Sixty-six cars of lumber, four of starch, nineteen of oil cake, six of provisions, one of grain, one of flour, twenty-two of tobacco, two of wire, three of sugar, thirteen of fresh meat, twenty-five of sheep (or 1,699 head), forty-five of cattle (or 888 head), three of lard, one of copper, four of merchandise, and 161 of grain, making a total of 371 car-loads. This is equal to ten long freight trains, which, if placed in a row, would cover a distance of about two miles. All of their freight went into one tramp steamship.'—Philadelphia Record.

The Anti-Football Bill.

ATLANTA, Ga., Nov. 8.—Representative Cole's football bill prohibiting match or prize games of football where admission fees are charged, came up in the house today with a favorable report from the general judiciary committee, with an amendment striking out "games of like character." This was adopted and the bill passed without discussion by a vote of 91 to 3.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Cherokee has had another homicide, the second for the new county. The *Ledger* charges it to whiskey and concealed weapons, and wants them both abolished as far as possible.

The Edgefield Chronicle wants the legislature, when it convenes in January, to devise ways and means to reduce taxation. We do, too, but we are unable to tell our legislators how to do it, unless they can first devise ways and means to reduce expenses.

A contemporary says: "There are two kinds of discontent—the kind that inspires men to lift themselves up, and the kind that converts them into sullen grumblers, whose utterances are tinged with bitter envy and whose attitude toward the remainder of society is rebellious and resentful."

It is said now that Van Wyck, the mayor of New York, was not born in South Carolina, though this was the home of his parents before and after his birth, and he lived with them in the State from his third to his twentieth year. They lived in New York from 1840 till 1852. He was born in 1849.

The movement to erect a monument at Raleigh, N. C., to the memory of the late Senator Z. B. Vance has wholly died out, and the project has been abandoned.—Spartanburg Herald.

Senator Vance was gifted and patriotic. He deserved well of his people, and no people ever more fully recognized their duty to a self-sacrificing leader than North Carolinians did theirs to "Zeb" Vance. They bestowed upon him every honor they could while he was living, and after all, it is that better than any stone they can place upon his grave when he is dead!

Maybe, after all, General Weyler is not so black as he has been painted. He has written the introduction to a Spanish history of the war just published, and in this introduction he says: "The system of warfare carried on by me during the Cuban campaign is not a new one. The same was pursued by the Americans of the north when they fought their brethren of the south." We are not prepared to endorse Weyler or any of his acts; but at the same time admit that all he says is true, and we suggest that hereafter, when our northern contemporaries abuse him, they should not fall in such instances, to connect with his name that of T. Sherman.—Yorkville Enquirer.

Some of our present and prospective candidates are looking for the strong side of the liquor question in order to know how to go before the people next year.—Etta Jane Cor. of Gaffney Ledger.

That is the great obstacle in the way of securing the best men for public places. The office seeker looks for the strong side of not only the liquor question but of all questions. He will affect reckless independence in some matter about which nobody cares a straw, in order to create the impression that he "would rather be right than to be president," but in any matter in which the voters are interested, he first sets about finding out which way the popular tide is setting, then leaps to the front proclaiming that he started the first and only original wave. The only fault he has to find with the people is that they do not go far enough. True, since he looks at only one side of a question he soon gets to believing that way, and this makes him the more unselfish.

The honest, patriotic man stands no chance. No man of sound judgment can agree with the majority of voters in everything, so he is relegated to the rear, and we find filling most of the higher public offices men who stand upon the popular tide or run before it, froth and "driftwood."

So we have the country periodically stirred to turmoil by extremists, who, under guise of self-immolation on their country's altar, seek only self-interest, regardless of the country's good.

The remedy is to choose humble, honest, Christian men of sound judgment and undoubted patriotism. Take them from the plough, the office, the counting house, the school room, the shop—anywhere you find them. Take them with very little regard to what they think about public questions; the country will be safe in their hands. We don't want jurors whose minds are already made up. These men can see both sides of a question. They will decide wisely, or will hasten to correct their error. Don't shake them with instructions, else we realize nothing from their wisdom.

MARGINALIA.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child.

—RINO LARA.

After a parent has denied himself almost the comforts of life to better the lot of his child, it is calling to have that child pay him back with ingratitude. Deep are the sorrows of a mother who has given her life to the wants of her son to have him give in return no evidence of gratitude. Let us pray she have done for him, but it was her all.

A child who has been reared in a home of luxury, and has rendered due courtesy and obedience to his parents may still be a thankless child. He has had lavished upon him all that wealth and social advantages would give. Nothing has been left undone that would equip him for a useful life. Yet his life is one of inactivity and worthlessness. Many a parent has had his heart all but crushed by the worthlessness of a favored son. Were he truly grateful, he would honor the efforts of his parents with a life of usefulness.

A community or a state often centers its interests in the life of one promising man, and lavishes upon him every favor at its command. Nothing is omitted which would serve to promote his welfare. After years of patient watching and generous assistance the favored son turns upon his benefactors with a cruel disregard for all they have done for him.

Not all the ingratitude of children is to be charged to the children themselves. It is often the case that children owe their parents no great debt of gratitude. While it is true that every child should render full thanks for every good its parents have bestowed upon it, it is no less true that it is the duty of every parent to give to his child the best that he is in his power. Every thinking man must see that a large percentage of the waywardness, the dissipation, the disrespect, and the lawlessness of children are simply the fruits of parental neglect. Fathers and mothers permit their boys and girls to grow up with absolutely no restraints around them, exact from them no respectful obedience, require of them no systematic employment, give them no serious heart-felt instruction as to honor, truth, obedience, purity. Often the parent's teaching is contradicted by his own life. What gratitude is due such a parent? Has not the child a just cause to say, "You did not perform your sacred duty to me. God commanded you to do for me what you have never seriously tried to do."

Abbeville's Well.

The supply of water in our deep well seems to be inexhaustible, as far as the pump now in the well is concerned. Its capacity is said to be two hundred gallons a minute, but there has been no lack of water. Unless a larger pump is put in the well the probability is that we will never know how much water we have. The water seems to be pure and our people are well pleased with it.—Abbeville Press and Banner.

KILLED BY NEWBOLD.

A Spartanburg Farmer Shot Without Warning or Provocation.

Spartanburg, Nov. 10.—Once more Spartanburg is the seat of an awful tragedy, and perhaps by mere coincidence, the scene of murder is just two miles below the spot where Will Durham and Jack Fisher were murdered by State constables in June, 1895, on the Howard Gap road.

The victim in this case is J. Henry Turner, one of the most highly esteemed and influential citizens in the county, a farmer in good circumstances. He came to his death by a pistol shot this morning fired by Chief State Constable Newbold. The facts of the case are about as follows: A short while back, Newbold received instructions from the governor to take a wagon and three men and make a touring expedition through Spartanburg, Pickens and Greenville counties, as many people were complaining of the illicit sale of whiskey in these counties. So Newbold secured the services of S. T. Howie, LaFar and McCaskill to assist him. Last night he left two of the party at the standpipe in the city limits and he and Howie went up the Howard Gap road until they reached the Stephen Grove negro church, two and a half miles from the city limits. Here they camped.

About 5 o'clock this morning Mr. J. H. Turner passed by on his way to Columbia to attend a meeting of the cotton growers in Columbia during fair week. He was accompanied by a young man named Bruce and was in a buggy which a mule was pulling. Arriving near the church they both saw the camp fire, but thought nothing of it. Newbold turned to Howie as the buggy approached and told him to go out and get it. This he proceeded to do but reaching the vehicle he could see that there was nothing suspicious about the buggy or its inmates, so he proceeded to let it pass. Newbold hurried up and started to overtake the buggy, the mule then trotting briskly. The bugger, in doing so, and passing himself in the middle of the road in front of the buggy called on Mr. Turner and Bruce to halt. Newbold had a cocked pistol in each hand. The mule kept steadily on and Newbold raised the pistol in his left hand to fire. Just afterwards the gun in his right hand also went off and the ball took effect in Mr. Turner's throat. The wound proved fatal, for 30 minutes after he died.

The victim was carried to town by Mr. Bruce, and State Constable Howie, who was summoned and he pronounced Mr. Turner dead. His body was then taken back to his home, six miles above the city. Newbold claims that the killing was accidentally purely. He says that when he raised the weapon to fire to make the mule halt the other pistol also went off inflicting the deadly wound. This is the story he tells his attorney, W. S. Thomason, and it is corroborated by his companion, S. T. Howie.

Newbold came to town immediately after the killing, and through his attorney secured a horse and buggy and drove out of the city a little after 6 o'clock. He has not since been seen. Sheriff Dean is vigilant and active and will certainly nab him.

THE INQUEST.

The coroner's inquest was held this afternoon. The jury returned a verdict that J. H. Turner, deceased, came to his death from a gunshot wound from the hands of W. H. Newbold, with S. T. Howie as accessory.

S. T. Howie is now lodged in the county jail.

PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

The feeling against Newbold is very bitter, and if he had been caught today he would have been lynched.

Mr. J. H. Turner was a representative farmer of the county, about 65 years of age, was a deacon in New Pisgah Baptist church for years, and leaves a wife and six children, all grown. His death is mourned by many, and the people of this city and county think that such crimes as these (no matter how accidental, if accidental at all)

are outrageous and they are heartily sick and tired of them. P. H. F.

AFTER THE MURDERER.

CHESTER, Nov. 10.—Chief Constable Newbold's death may from Sheriff Dean of Spartanburg, instructing him to be on the lookout for State Detective Newbold, who had fled from Spartanburg and who was wanted there for murder, having committed the deed today. Newbold has not been seen here today, and at present writing Sheriff Cornwell knows nothing of his whereabouts.

THE GOVERNOR NOTIFIED.

When Governor Ellerbe received the constabulary and put on only two or three detectives to watch the rural districts it was thought that an end had been put to bloodshed and the slaughter of citizens by the constables; it was consequently with no little surprise that the news was received yesterday that State Detective Newbold had shot and killed a man who, from all accounts, was a quiet and inoffensive citizen, always a staunch reformer and highly thought of.

The first news of the fatality reached Columbia yesterday morning in a telegram to Governor Ellerbe from Spartanburg, signed by Mr. Thomason, a lawyer of that city. Here is the telegram:

Spartanburg, S. C., Nov. 10, 1897. To Governor Ellerbe.

Newbold accidentally killed Turner near here this morning. Newbold held two pistols in his hands; shot to scare the mule; the one in his left hand accidentally fired. When his bondsmen arrive Newbold will surrender.

W. S. Thomason.

Governor Ellerbe was somewhat disconcerted at the message, for he considered Newbold his pride man. Only a few days ago he remarked that Newbold was worth the whole constabulary. Yesterday he simply said that it was a great pity that of Spartanburg's leading citizens came down the fair during the morning. They had nothing to do about an accident; in fact the news they brought was of a very different character and all of them showed that feeling was high in Spartanburg against Newbold. From expressions heard that city would not have been a safe place for the State detective yesterday.

Pocahontas Lump COAL.

No Soot, No Clinkers!

The best soft coal in the world for Grates and Stoves. It holds FIRE like hard coal.

POCAHONTAS STEAM AND SMITH COAL

Burns up clean with little smoke. It has no equal. We have the Agency for this Celebrated Coal and we are in position to figure on large contracts.

COAL Always on Hand.

We have rebuilt our coal bins, which were recently burned.

Yours truly,

ROSBOROUGH & McLURE.

PROFESSIONAL.

R. B. CALDWELL, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Walker Bld'g, CHESTER, S. C. Prompt and careful attention given to all business. Will practice in this and adjoining counties.

Teachers and Others

Having official business with me will please take notice that my office days are MONDAY and SATURDAY.

W. D. KNOX, County Superintendent of Education.

THEO. L. SHIVER, POPULAR BARBER.

NEXT DOOR TO FAIRVIEW HOTEL.

J. W. CROCKETT, BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER.

Next door to Stahl's Jewelry Store.

S. B. Great Reduction!
WE MUST MOVE OUR IMMENSE STOCK OF
Dress Goods, Clothing, Boots, Shoes,
Hats, Carpets, Matting, Blankets, Groceries, Etc.
We Offer this \$60,000 Stock positively at a reduction of 15 to 25 per cent.

We Offer Special Reduction in Dress Goods.

25 Patterns, newest weaves in Dress Goods, \$7.00, now	\$5.00
25 Patterns, newest weaves in Dress Goods, \$6.00, now	\$4.00
25 Patterns, newest weaves in Dress Goods, \$5.00, now	\$3.50
50 Patterns, newest weaves in Dress Goods, \$4.00, now	\$3.00

20 pieces Ladies' Broad Cloth, in all shades, former price 75c, now 65 c. See our line of Silk Velvets, largest line in the City.

25 pieces, in all the shades, prices \$5, \$7.50 and \$1.00. 50 pieces black, prices 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50. 100 pieces all-Wool Dress Goods, 36 inches wide, in all shades, 25 cts. now going at

100 pieces Dress Goods, 36 inches wide, in all the newest shades, 20 cts. now going at 12 1-2 cts. 150 pieces Black Cashmeres, Henriettes, Serges, &c. Greatest bargains ever offered in Chester.

See our line of all-Wool Serge at 25 and 30 cts. 25 Black Henriettes at 25 cts., worth 40 cts. 25 Black Henriettes at 30 cts., worth 75 cts. Silk Wraps Henriettes at \$1 and \$1.50.

FLANNEL AND BLANKET DEPARTMENT.

25 pieces all-Wool Red Twill Flannel at 12 1-2 cts., worth 20 cts. 25 pieces all-Wool Medicated Flannel at 15 cts., worth 25 cts. 50 pieces all-Wool Medicated Flannel at 20 to 35 cts. 25 pieces White Plain and Twill at 12 1-2 to 50 cts. See our line of Blankets. Must be sold. 500 pairs from 75 cts. to \$1.00.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

50 bales Checked Homespun at 3 cts. 10 bales Checked Homespun at 4 cts. 10 bales 4-4 Unbleached Sheetings at 4 cts., worth 5 cts. 10 bales 4-4 Unbleached Sheetings at 5 cts., worth 6 1-4 cts. You will never have this opportunity again to buy Domestics at the above prices. These prices are lower than 4 cts. cotton.

JEANS, DICKEY'S KERSEY AND CASSEMERES.

Largest line in the upcountry going at a sacrifice. We offer: 50 pieces at 10 cts., worth 15 cts. 50 pieces at 12 1-2 cts., worth 20 cts. 50 pieces at 15 cts., worth 25 cts. 25 pieces at 20 and 25 cts. See this line of Pants Cloth before buying. You will save big money. 100 pieces of Calico, Fast Colors, 3 cts. 100 pieces of Calico, Fast Colors, 5 cts., selling anywhere at 7 cts. 2 cases Indigo Blues at 5 cts., just received.

SHOES! SHOES! SHOES!

We are Headquarters in this line. See our line of MISSES' and WOMAN'S SHOES at 75 cts., worth \$1.00.

Our \$1.00 SHOES is the talk of the entire Country. It can't be duplicated no where. Our line of the Celebrated—

"LILLY BRACKET," SELZ SCHWAB AND SACHS' SHOES, all guaranteed as represented or money refunded. Each of these lines are well known—need no recommendation.

Our stock of BOOTS and RUBBERS are also complete.

CLOTHING, CLOTHING, CLOTHING!

Great reduction—must be sold at or below cost. We will positively not carry any more over. We therefore commence today with LAUGHTER PRICES.

If you want the best all-Wool suit in the State for \$4.00, we have it. If you want the best BLACK CLOTH SUIT at \$3.00, we have it. 50 BOYS' and YOUTH'S SUITS, 4 to 15 years old, at 65c, worth \$1.00. 50 BOYS' and YOUTH'S SUITS at \$1.00 to \$1.50.

See our line from \$1.25 to \$3.00—all to be sold at a reduction of 25 to 40 per cent. at and below cost.

WE OFFER—50 Black and Blue Clay Worsted Suits; Sacks and Cutaways, at \$5.00, worth \$8.00.

See our line of BUSINESS SUITS, \$5.00 to \$10.00, and you will be convinced we are making prices to discount 4 cts. cotton. Such Bargains would not be offered if cotton was selling at 7 cts. COME and buy Clothing and all other Goods on the basis of 5 cts. cotton.

UNDERWEAR DEPARTMENT!

Are you in need of anything in this line? See our 20 cts. net-vest, selling everywhere at 25 cts. See our 50 cts. line, 60 per cent. wool, guaranteed, selling everywhere at 75 cts.

Our \$1.00 Vests a beauty, former price \$1.50.

LADIES' WRAPS, CAPES, JACKETS, Etc.

100 Capes at \$1, worth \$1.50. 200 Capes and Jackets \$1.25, worth \$2. 150 Capes and Jackets \$1.50, worth \$2.00.

100 Capes and Jackets from \$2.50 to \$10.00. We are having a big run on Wraps. Just received large assortment of Plush Capes; which will go at the reduction of 25 per cent.

CARPETS, OIL CLOTH, MATTING!

If you wish a Carpet we will let the people see. We will save you the solid cash. See our line of Rugs and Carpet Remnants. 1,000 pieces Carpet Remnants at 20 cts. a piece, 1 to 15 lengths.

Our line of HATS and CAPS are also large and subject to your discount. We sell Hats at and below cost. They must go out of the house in order to realize the loss.

Groceries, Hardware, Saddles, Harness, Plows, &c.

If you want \$1.25 worth of Groceries for \$1 come to S. M. JONES & Co. Do you wish a Saddle, Buggy and Harness? If so, call on us and we will save you money.

We have the stuff. It must be converted into cash. Remember we do not carry over any stock. We do not believe it is business to carry goods from one year to another. Quick sales and small profits if we can, if not quick sales and no profit.

WAGONS! WAGONS! BUGGIES! BUGGIES!! Do you wish the best wagon on earth? If so, buy the celebrated STUDEBAKER. It runs light as a carriage. We have sold (2) three-carloads this season. The people know a good thing when they see it. Don't buy cheap Wagons when you can buy the best make at the same price.

We have just received 100 Bushels of the genuine Little Red May Wheat for Seed. We also have Rye, Barley and Home Raised Oats for feed. Give us a call, and you will be convinced S. M. JONES & Co. is the store to get the most and the best goods for the least money.

Yours truly,
S. M. JONES & CO.

LOCALS.

No advertisements inserted under this heading for less than five lines.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

S. M. JONES & Co. offer great reductions for 30 days, and quote some figures.
THE BUILDING COMMITTEE offers the old A. R. P. church property for sale.
THE OPERA HOUSE MANAGERS offer attractive play on the 15th.
JOS. WYLIE & Co. offer great bargains in worsted suits.

LOCAL NEWS.

Sam Jones is to lecture in Gaffney next Wednesday night.
 Don't forget the Sweet Singer at Opera House Saturday night.
 The glass is being put in the new A. R. P. church. It is very pretty.
 Prophet Grant is congratulated on hitting the weather so well thus far.
 Mr. H. E. Pryor has the contract to wire Nicholson's Hotel for incandescent lights.
 The sewer men are tunneling under the branch at Columbia street culvert.
 Let not the good work stop, till we have good pavements on all our steep-grade walks.
 The walls of the new Methodist church are getting well upon the window frames.
 Some men continue to spit on our floor. Not one of the ladies, a number of whom have been in our office recently, thought of such a thing.

Mr. Geo. H. Finch, of Charlotte, and Miss Sallie Estelle Rives, of Fort Lawn, were married on Wednesday and left for Charlotte.
 Mr. A. J. Bailey, of Murphy, N. C., and Mrs. Sallie White McAlley, of Wellridge, were married Wednesday and left for Murphy.

The directors of the G. C. & N. R. R. met in Atlanta today. Mr. S. M. Jones of this city is one of the board.

The leader of the band of the Wallace Shows died suddenly in Yorkville Tuesday evening, of meningitis.

On account of the circus in Lancaster Thursday the L. & C. ran an excursion. We don't think many went from here.

In a game of football between the Clemson and South Carolina College teams, in Columbia Wednesday, the Clemson boys won.

The Hazelwood Rifles went down to the fair Wednesday, and the Lee Light Infantry Thursday. They took a little fagged from their campaign.

Soliciting agent, Pride of the Sea, A. L., spent Thursday in the city. Supt. Berkley, of the G. C. & N. R. was also here Wednesday night.

That old A. R. P. church offers a rare chance to somebody who wants a convenient and beautiful place for a home. See advertisement.

Mr. Childs needn't have gone away over to Carlisle to buy a rock quarry, that is, if the rock struck by the sewer men on Wylie street is the sort he wants.

John Henderson, a colored boy working at Mr. Anderson's gin, got his hand caught in the saws this morning. Dr. J. M. Brice was called in and amputated two of his fingers. The patient is doing finely.

Mr. P. G. Moore, of Granite Falls, N. C., father of Mrs. W. S. Smith, is in the city attending a meeting of the directors of the G. C. & N. R. R. Mr. Moore and his wife, Mrs. W. S. Smith, were in Columbia yesterday to attend the State Fair. They report a very creditable exhibit and large crowds.

PERSONALS.

Rev. A. S. Rogers, of Rock Hill, was in the city Tuesday.

Thursday at the fair.

The Misses Hood, accompanied by their father, attended the State Fair.

Miss Annie Griffith will leave soon for Louisville, Ky., to visit friends.

Mr. W. F. Egan is again at his place of business ready to serve his customers.

Dr. W. J. W. Cornwell, of Cornwell, paid The LANTERN office a pleasant call yesterday.

Mr. J. Martin Grant, the weather prophet of Hartsellville, called yesterday.

Mr. Sam Crawford, of McConnellsville, visited his brother, Mr. E. A. Crawford.

Miss Annie Hardin went to Columbia Monday to spend two weeks with her friend, Miss Jones.

Miss Minnie Walkup, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Kluttz, left for Monroe Wednesday evening.

Mrs. H. B. Beard, of Yorkville, came down Tuesday night to attend the Burris-Parker marriage on Wednesday morning.

Mrs. W. J. Hyndman, of Charlotte, N. C., and Mrs. E. B. Beard, of Yorkville, are visiting the family of Mrs. J. L. Wood, on Pinckney Street.

Married.

On November 11, 1897, at the residence of Major C. W. McFadden, by Rev. L. C. Hinton, Mr. John C. Pittman and Mrs. Delilah Caldwell.

On November 10, 1897, at the residence of Mrs. Julia E. Parker, by Rev. J. E. Grier, Mr. John G. Burris and Miss Leona Parker.

Derthick Musical Club.

Programme for Rubenstein evening, November 12th, at the home of Mrs. J. A. Blake:
 1. Characterization, Rubenstein.—Read by Miss Louise McFadden.
 Analysis of each number read by Mrs. J. J. Stringfellow.
 2. Piano, Melody in F. (Opus. 33)—Mrs. A. G. Brice.
 3. Voice, "Thou Art Like unto a Flower"—Mrs. J. A. Blake.
 4. Piano, Kamennoi Ostrow (No. 22)—Mrs. M. V. Patterson.
 5. Voice, "The Wanderer's Night Song"—Mrs. Brice and Mrs. Aiken.
 6. Piano, Barcarole in G. Major—Miss Emma Lewis.
 7. Voice, "The Dew is Sparkling"—Miss Louise McFadden.

Foot Ball Abolished.

At a meeting of the Faculty of Erskine college Wednesday evening it was decided that there should be no more foot ball played by the students. It was stated that this action had not been sought by the faculty, but was forced on them by a growing conviction of the danger connected with it. In support of this, the case of young Gammon was cited, also a case in Erskine last year, where a young man was so badly injured as to have to leave college and whose life was seriously imperiled.

Foot-ball, as a game, has a deep hold on the athletic world, but many college faculties have abolished it altogether, and in some cases Legislatures are agitating the question.

Burned to Death.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Nov. 10.—Mr. S. M. Davidson, son of Mr. Robert F. Davidson, of this city, was burned to death tonight at 7:15 at his home on Pine street.

There was no one in the house at the time the fire broke out. Just how he met his death is unknown. There are two theories—one that he knocked the lamp over, setting fire to the bed on which he was lying; the other that he lay down with a lighted cigar in his mouth and fell asleep.

His father, who is quite old, entered the house a few minutes after the flames burst out. He was burned about the head in trying to save his son.

The Davidsons are a prominent family in this section. They come of revolutionary stock, and have many relatives in Georgia, Alabama and North Carolina.

Mr. Davidson was a nephew of Col. W. L. Davidson, of this city. We are informed that he was a very fine scholar and was engaged in high school work. Ed. THE LANTERN.]

The Fountain Head of Fun.

Decidedly the greatest and most instantaneous hit of the present season, in the way of Irish farce, or musical comedy, is Fate Goodbar's "McFee's Matrimonial Bureau."

Briefly, the piece is a rip roaring fun producing Irish farce, brim full of witty lines, funny situations, genuine Irish wit and humor, pretty girls, dainty dancers, sweet singers, up-to-date comedians, refined specialties, brilliant music, and all that goes to produce clean, mirthful, wholesome fun. The Author's main desire seems to have been to ridicule the desire of American housewives to marry titles using "McFee" a witty, thoroughly up-to-date son of the Emerald Isle, as a hinge upon which to hang the ridiculously funny plot, which keeps the audience in an uproar of mirth and merriment for three hours or more. Opera House Monday night Nov. 15th.

NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBORS.

The Enquirer thinks Yorkville is a capital opening for a wholesale grocery house.

From the Yorkville Enquirer.
 The neighboring mills continue to be a strong factor in the York county cotton markets. They are taking a large per cent. of all the best cotton that is being sold.

Judge Benet, at the invitation of Superintendent Dendy, has agreed to make a talk to the pupils of the graded school some morning during the present, or next week. His honor is an unusually fine English scholar, an ex-school teacher, a pleasant talker, and his address will, no doubt, be something worth listening to.

Miss Fannie Miller died at her home at Yorkville last Thursday. She has for a number of years conducted a private seminary for young ladies and was a highly intellectual and greatly esteemed Christian woman.—Rock Hill Herald.

Dispenser James B. Elkin, of Ridgeway, has been found short, and R. W. Hollis has been put in charge for a month. Elkin claims that he ought to have credits to balance.

Opera House, ONE Night,

Monday, November 15.

McFee's Matrimonial Bureau.

The Greatest Comedy ever produced, carrying a car-load of merriment and introducing

20 MERRY LAUGHERS 20

Dainty Dances, Elegant Costumes, Comical Situations, Refined Specialties.

Original Jokes, Diverging Dialogues, Sweet Singing and Catchy Music.

Prices as Usual.

Do You Chew?

Try Fischel's Tobacco.

Do You Smoke?

Try Fischel's Cigars.

Do You Eat?

Try Fischel's Fancy Groceries.

Have You a Girl?

Bait her with Fischel's Fancy Candies.

Have You a Beau?

Decoy him into Fischel's.

Best Silverware Made!

In the Manufacture and Stamping of Silver Plated Ware. This work done to the highest quality and in the most stamped upon quantities of goods of base metal and of cheap make. The clear stamp and name of a responsible maker are the true guarantee of quality.

EVERY ARTICLE bearing our name in any form whatever, is fully guaranteed by us to be THE BEST, and rigid comparison is invited. We know that our store offers positive advantages to those who are careful about the quality of goods bought, and more careful about the price paid for them.

Chester, S. C. R. BRANDT, The Optician and Jeweler.

HOW TO LIVE RIGHT

AND GROW FAT IS TO BUY FIRST CLASS GOODS FROM

WALKER'S.

His Stock is New and Complete in every Line.

Pettyjohn's Breakfast Food, 12 cts.
 On Flakes—nothing healthier—5 cts.
 New Buckwheat Flour, 5 cts.
 New Large Macaroni, 10 cts.
 New 5 cts. New 10 cts. New 15 cts. New 20 cts. New 25 cts. New 30 cts. New 35 cts. New 40 cts. New 45 cts. New 50 cts. New 55 cts. New 60 cts. New 65 cts. New 70 cts. New 75 cts. New 80 cts. New 85 cts. New 90 cts. New 95 cts. New 1.00 cts.
 New 10 cts. New 15 cts. New 20 cts. New 25 cts. New 30 cts. New 35 cts. New 40 cts. New 45 cts. New 50 cts. New 55 cts. New 60 cts. New 65 cts. New 70 cts. New 75 cts. New 80 cts. New 85 cts. New 90 cts. New 95 cts. New 1.00 cts.
 New 10 cts. New 15 cts. New 20 cts. New 25 cts. New 30 cts. New 35 cts. New 40 cts. New 45 cts. New 50 cts. New 55 cts. New 60 cts. New 65 cts. New 70 cts. New 75 cts. New 80 cts. New 85 cts. New 90 cts. New 95 cts. New 1.00 cts.

The Public are cordially invited to inspect my large stock of New Goods.

Respectfully,
 JOS. A. WALKER.

All Wool Cassimere

AND

Worsted Suits

Worth \$10. Going at \$7.50

All Wool Suits, worth \$7.50, going

at \$5.00, at

Jos. Wylie AND COMPANY'S.

Church Lot For Sale.

CHURCH, S. C. Nov. 8, 1897.

Will be sold on the 1st Monday of December next before the Court House door to the highest bidder. (If not disposed of at private sale) that beautiful lot belonging to the A. R. P. church, with all the buildings thereon including the iron fence in front of the lot. Terms easy. Any one wishing to purchase at private sale can confer with Joseph Wylie at the Exchange Bank.

BUILDING COMMITTEE.

A party will leave New York Dec. 1 for Klondike, by way of Cape Horn. Of the 300 already booked, 60 are women, mostly married, but some are widows.

JOHNSON & CO.

What is it? Why, it's a big rush to get to the KIMBAL HOUSE. Where is the Kimbal House? Down on Gadsden Street. What house is it? Why, at that noble

Big 4 Restaurant

where meals and hot lunches are served from morning until night. The bill of fare hangs between the two dining rooms all the time. FRESH FISH and OYSTERS daily, and served on short notice. Fancy Groceries and Confectioneries. We also keep ICE on hand all the winter. Your humble servants,

JOHNSON & CO.

PHONE 75.

The Curfew.

Does everyone who has read the beautiful poem, "Curfew must not ring tonight," know just what the "curfew" means? For those who do not we print the following account from the "Encyclopedia Britannica":

A signal, as by tolling a bell, to warn the inhabitants of a town to extinguish their fires and lights and retire to rest. This was a common practice throughout the various countries of Europe during the Middle Ages, especially in cities taken in war. In the low Latia of these times it was termed *ignitionum*, or *pyritium*. The curfew is commonly said to have been introduced into England by William the Conqueror, who ordained, under severe penalties, that at the ringing of the curfew at 8 o'clock in the evening all lights and fires should be extinguished. It seems probable, however, that he merely enforced an existing and very common police regulation to that effect. The absolute prohibition of lights was abolished by Henry the First in 1100. The practice of tolling a bell at a fixed hour in the evening still extant in many places, is a survival of the ancient curfew. The common hour was at first seven, and it was gradually advanced to eight, and in some places to 9 o'clock. In Scotland ten is not an unusual hour. As a precaution against conflagrations the curfew was a most useful regulation at a period when it was the custom to place the fire in a hole in the middle of the floor, under an opening in the roof, to allow the escape of the smoke. When a family retired to rest for the night the fire was extinguished by covering it up; and hence the term *cover-feu*, or *curfew*. But this salutary regulation served another important end, since by obliging the people to keep within doors, nocturnal brawls in the street were in great measure prevented. There is a popular tradition, for which no historical authority can be assigned, that the severity exhibited by William the Conqueror in enforcing obedience to the curfew was particularly designed to prevent the English from assembling in secret to plan schemes of rebellion against the king. The ringing of the "prayer-bell," as it is called, which is still practiced in some Protestant countries, originated in that of the curfew bell.

The Klondyke Gold Craze.

The following from *The Pacific* may act as a deterrent to some infected with the Klondyke gold craze: In his "Story of the Mine," Mr. C. H. Shinn says the site of what in later years has been known as the "Big Bonanza" was once in the undisputed possession of four men. Two were the original discoverers of the mine, and the other two were admitted as partners because they had a spring which furnished the gold. At first the pans of surface dirt yielded on an average from \$40 to \$50 apiece. Underneath was the great quartz lode which during one later period of five years yielded \$105,000,000. Mr. Shinn says of one of the four, what has been true of thousands of others grasping for money: "Comstock was wildly avaricious when mining, and as wildly extravagant with his gold when obtained. He bought whatever took his fancy, and gave it away the next minute. His only pleasure seemed to be in the spending of money, and the most of his comrades were very much like him in this particular." Penrod, who held the title to the spring, "sold his claim in the mine for \$8,500 toward the close of the year, and soon spent all his money." Comstock, the bombastic boss of the camp, "two months after the ledge was struck, sold all his interest for \$11,000. He lost every dollar he had, wandered off on lonely prospecting tours in Nevada and the Rockies, and finally committed suicide in Montana." McLaughlin (one of the original discoverers) sold for \$5,500, and a few years later was cooking for a gang of men for forty dollars a month. He died a pauper, and was buried at public expense."

O'Riley, the other discoverer, "hung on longer than any one else, and sold for \$40,000. This he spent in stock speculation, and finally died in an insane asylum." With all it was a fascination to get something to spend, and in the getting and the spending they bartered body, intellect, character and soul; and before what might have been their allotted time, they went into eternity, bankrupt.

Hints on Courting.

Select the girl. Agree with the girl's father in politics and the mother in religion. If you have a rival keep an eye on him. Don't swear to the girl you never heard yourself snore in your sleep. Don't put too much sweet stuff on paper. If you do you will hear it read in after years, when your wife has some especial purpose in inflicting upon you the severest punishment known to a married man. Go home at a reasonable hour in the evening. Don't wait until the girl has to throw her whole soul in a yawn that she can't cover with both hands. A little thing like that may cause a coolness at the very beginning of the game. In cold weather finish saying good night in the house. Don't stretch it all the way to the front gate and thus lay the foundation for future asthma, bronchitis, neuralgia and chronic catarrhs, to worry the girl to death after she has married you. Don't be about your financial condition. It is very annoying for a bride who has pictured for herself a life of luxury in your ancestral halls to learn too late that you expect her to ask a bald-headed parson to take you in out of the cold. Don't be to soft. "These little hands shall never do a stroke of work when they are mine, and you shall have nothing to do in our home but to sit all day and chirp to the canaries," as if any sensible woman could be happy fooling away time in that sort of style, and a girl has a fine retentive memory for soft things and silly promises of courtship. Occasionally, in after years, when she is washing the dinner dishes or patching the west end of your trousers, she will remind you of them in a cold, sarcastic tone. Don't be a clump.—*Iowa Messenger*.

Wide Tires and the Roads.

Some years three ago we advocated wide tired vehicles for use on our public roads and suggested that a law might be passed imposing a tax on all vehicles not conforming to certain standard of the width. A legislator afterward introduced such a bill in the legislature, but he was ridiculed by those "who did not understand," and his bill was defeated. But it is coming. The idea is growing. It is not a new one. It has been a law in France, that country famous for its good roads, for a long time. We see more and more about the subject in American papers. The *Charlotte Observer* in a late issue says: "The legislature of New York has enacted a law levying a tax on wagons having wheels with narrow tires, the law to go into effect in 1900. The sentiment in favor of wide tires is growing throughout the country. The narrow tires cut even macadam roads to pieces, and one of the road commissioners of this country tells the *Observer* that their work is more destructive in summer than in winter. If Mecklenburg county should add to her excellent road system a provision of law requiring that all wagons running over the public roads shall have broad tires or pay a tax for the use of the highways, the roads could be kept good after being made so. Such a provision would raise a howl, of course, but it would be right. The present road law raised a howl when it was enacted; so did the stock law; but both were right, and even each has vindicated itself." Given a good road bed, there is no one thing that will so lengthen its life and improve it as wide tired vehicles. If the heavy rollers are beneficial in working up roads, then the rolling and packing caused by wide tired vehicles is also beneficial and much to be desired, as the work is perpetual—going on all the time,

packing down the road bed and keeping it hard. We know of no reasonable objection that could be urged against such a law, as anyone knows that it would be easier to put a wide tired vehicle over a hard level road than to pull a narrow tired one through one badly cut up.—*Yorkville Yreman*.

This Era of Free Liquor.

The following letter, describing the present deplorable condition of the liquor situation in our State, appeals with the force of truth, for some positive action to abate the nuisance and disgrace of it:

WOODRUFF, S. C., October 25.—Editors: Headlight: Woodruff is today submerged in liquor. Blind tiger whiskey wagons literally line the roads. The nights are made hideous with the whoops and wicked oaths of drunken men and boys. Liquor is sold at dozens of places by mountain wagons. Think of a poor widow with children that she is trying to bring up to manhood and womanhood, but the boys are attracted out by these agents of the devil, and enticed to drink the terrible liquid that destroys their reason, makes them fools, and then demons. Just think, ye editors, of the husbands and fathers, who, in their sober hours are kind and affectionate and love their families, but alas! have not the firmness to resist the temptation of whiskey. Those poor men are made drunk by those whiskey dealers for the sake of gaining money, destroying the peace and prosperity of prosperous families and homes. These whiskey wagons come to our very doors and offer their death dealing stuff. In the past month there has been more drunkenness in this section than for an equal time in years. Oh, ye editors! think of the poor little children that we have seen crying over a drunken father, or because of his drunken cruelty. If there were thieves infesting the country, surely men in authority would protect us helpless widows. These whiskey vendors are worse than thieves. They not only wrongfully take good money for that which does great harm, but make criminals out of otherwise good men and boys.

Why do not some of the good men of the country try to help the poor women? Can it not be stopped! We are told that it is unlawful to sell it under the old law. What shall we do if the men will not protect us poor widows from those bad men who are destroying our boys? Is there no remedy.

A WIDOW.

A Sick Congressman.

The other evening the little daughter of a congressman was paying a visit at a neighbor's, and the respective mothers were talking of physical ailments and their remedies. After while a little girl saw an opportunity to make a remark. "My papa," she said, "always drinks whiskey when he is sick." Then she stopped for a minute, her eyes softened and saddened, and she continued slowly: "And poor papa is sick nearly all the time."—*Washington Critic*.

An exchange says: "A political speaker said from the stump that he could tell a man's politics from his looks. He pointed out a man in the crowd and said that man is a democrat. The man answered yes. To another he said: 'You are a republican.' The man said: 'Yes, but how could you tell?' 'From your looks,' said the speaker. 'To a third man he said: 'You are a populist.' The man acknowledged the fact and wanted to know how he could tell. The speaker replied as before: 'From your looks.' To a fourth man he said: 'You are a gold-bug democrat.' 'No, I'm not,' replied the man angrily. 'I've had a bad spell of dysentery is what makes me look that way.'"

As much as 400,000 pounds is annually spent in England on the purchase of human hair. As much as 1500 pounds has been given for a good crop of white hair, this color being the most difficult to procure.

Politics in Thomas Dixon's Choir.

NEW YORK Nov. 6.—The chorus choir of the People's church, of which Rev. Thomas Dixon is pastor, consisting of 40 singers, refused to sing today out of sympathy with Prof. Agramonte, their leader, because the pastor last Sunday advocated the election of Seth Low for mayor.

Prof. Agramonte is a Cuban and a member of the Junta here. His son has been in a Spanish prison on the island of Cuba for two years. The Cubans say that Seth Low was opposed to any intervention of this country in Cuban affairs and has stood against the cause of Cuban liberty since the outbreak of the last war.

Mr. Dixon in his sermon today, said that he sympathized with Prof. Agramonte and had advocated the voting for Low last Sunday only because he stood the best chance for election against Tammany. He was opposed to Low personally.

His Idea of It.

The moon shown faintly through the mist, and it seemed to trouble the boy who was looking at it from a window. "Papa," he said at last, "if they can't make it look any brighter than that, I should think the officers would get after the moonshiners." For a long time the father was undecided whether the boy had got off a good thing unwittingly or whether the term of the professional humorist had taken root in the boy and needed to be whacked out of him.—*Chicago Post*.

A Mournful Appeal.

The following is said to have won a one thousand dollar prize for the best appeal to subscribers: Lives of poor men oft remind us. Honest men won't stand no chance; The more we work there grows behind us. Bigger patches on our pants. On our pants, one new and glossy. Now are stripes of different hue, All because subscribers linger. And don't pay us what is due. Then let all be up and doing. Send in your mite, how ever small. Or when the snow of winter strikes us We shall have no pants at all.

Monuments for Gen. Marion and Emily Geiger.

At the State convention of the Daughters of the Revolution to be held in Columbia this week, plans to provide for the erection of monuments to the memory of Gen. Marion and Emily Geiger, two of South Carolina's most noted Revolutionary figures, will be fully discussed. The Daughters intend if possible to raise funds with which to honor the memory of two whose deeds are known of all men.—*The State*.

"Man was not 'made to mourn,' depend on it. Many animals can mourn dismally, but man is the only one that can laugh. If you want to show that you belong to the *plus homo* you must laugh occasionally. A laugh costs you nothing, but weep and you waste your tears; hence it is more natural and proper to laugh than to cry. Laughing and crying are both 'catching,' and even if you love to be miserable yourself, for goodness' sake laugh once in a while for the moral effect it may have on your less fortunate neighbors, who would be glad to be happy if it were not for your perennially elongated and melancholy physiognomy.—*Pathfinder*.

The Atlanta Constitution says that "a man in Cartersville purchased the gallows on which a man was hanged and built a henhouse of the lumber. He has never had a chicken stolen from it, and it is said that the colored brother won't go within a block of it if he can possibly avoid doing so."

The man who went out to milk and sat down on a boulder in the middle of the pasture and waited for the cow to back up to him was the eldest brother of the man who kept a store and did not advertise because he believed the purchasing public would back up to his place when they wanted something.—*Democrat-Star*.

Richard Croker, the New York politician, is going to take a rest at Asheville.

Miss Cetta Wallace, a wealthy widow of Chicago, has offered to adopt Miss Cisneros, the Cuban heroine, as her heir. Miss Cisneros is considering the proposition favorably.

Eight hundred Chinese have been employed to take the place of striking miners in northern Illinois. They will be armed and with five or six stockade equipped with galling guns and guarded by 100 former Chicago policemen.

The San Marco, one of the finest hotels at St. Augustine, was burned Sunday morning. The fire was evidently incendiary. Loss about \$250,000. Insurance, less than \$50,000. It had not been opened for the season. The San Marco was owned by a Boston company.

The steamer Gloucester was found to be afire Saturday morning, 60 miles at sea, and made a race to Norfolk against the fire. Such coolness was maintained by the captain and crew that none of the thirty-one passengers knew of the fire till they reached Norfolk.

Lawrence Washington, of Alexandria, Va., has been appointed an assistant in the congressional library at Washington. He is to be in charge of the George Washington department. Mr. Washington is a great-grand nephew of the first President.

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